

FOUR LINERS IN CYCLONE

DEUTSCHLAND, DRIVING WEST, WARNED BY OTHERS.

Hamburg, Lusitania and Majestic, bound East, All Told Her by Wireless About the Rough Time They Were Having—This Coast Dark With Smoke.

The West Indian whirler that Federal prophecy originally had making a course for this neighborhood was spoken of Nantucket, and spoken meekly in several languages, by the Hamburg-American steamship Deutschland, in yesterday from Hamburg, Southampton and Cherbourg. It was all that the predictions said it would be, with extra trimmings of torn crests, spindrift and hurricane squalls.

The great ship was bowling along serenely until 3 o'clock on Wednesday morning, when the sea began to jump and the rain came slanting on a strong easterly wind.

The Hamburg, bound for the Mediterranean and more than 100 miles away to the east, picked up the Deutschland by wireless and told her to look out, as there was a fierce cyclone in her course. The Hamburg said she was getting a mighty drubbing from the easterly edge of the storm and that the wind was away up near 12 by the Beaufort scale, or about eighty miles.

The Lusitania, bound for Liverpool, also gave later, after the Deutschland herself had got into the westerly edge of the elemental mixup, a few stirring lines about the blow, saying she was having the roughest time of her life.

The Majestic of the White Star fleet added to the wireless weather report, smashing into the ferment going eastward. Capt. Kaempff, who has been in storms, making some rescues in a few, judged from the extracts from the logs of the storm tossed eastbound boats that he was going to get most of the big blow on the quarter to stern. He did, and that is why he could plunge through the tall crests at a twenty-two knot rate.

After the spiteful rain of Wednesday morning the gale whipped up the cream of the storm, and soon the wireless harp afloat was picking threads. For four hours the force of the blast was not less than seventy miles (eleven by the Beaufort scale) and at times it got near to eighty. The tarpaulins were ripped from some of the lifeboats, and one of the seamen, who was out on the open deck, was blown down and hurt. The seas themselves were not phenomenal. It seemed as if the ferociousness of the gale, as sometimes happens, had flattened them.

"In spite of all the hubbub afloat and the soap-suds through which the ship plunged, her movement was not violent enough to deter a very large part of her 800 cabin passengers from appearing at the concert on Wednesday night, when Frau Fräulein Reicher, the German actress who will appear at the German theatre in Fifty-fifth street, helped the wind and sea along somewhat by rigging in German 'The Storm.' Passengers who could not understand German said they did not need to while they listened to the Fräulein and the elements on the same stage.

The Fräulein, it may be said in a hull in the storm story, took part in the play 'Iphigenia,' done in Esperanto, while she was in Dresden. There were 4,000 in the audience of forty-two nationalities—and every one understood what she was talking about. She also understood herself, although she had mastered the language after only four days of study. It is not unlikely, if she can get enough folks who understand Esperanto, that she will do the same thing here.

Meanwhile the storm kept up its music, as did the ship's orchestra, the wind finally getting under to the northeast and northwest. It is surprising to some of the voyagers that there was not more commotion aboard ship, considering the way she was up the piles. Capt. Kaempff might have told them that he would not have gone at that rate if he had had the great blow dead ahead. Records have been made before, but never against them.

The gale came to an end off Montauk yesterday morning and was succeeded by a mist and the smoke of the western forest fires that made the air heavier and thicker than the usual sea fog. Everybody who was out on deck smelled the smoke, but few knew what caused it. The liner slowed down to fog speed, about fourteen knots, and as she neared the port she began to grope the way through the muck like a mere freighter.

Capt. Kaempff was soon trying to get into communication under sea with the submarine bell of the Sandy Hook lightship. He picked it up a little after breakfast time, five miles off, and knowing almost exactly how it bore he began to peer about for the steam pilot boat. A little later she hove in sight and her skipper said he had been searching for the liner, as he knew that she was about due thereabouts. A pilot was put aboard the Deutschland and she anchored. When the mist lifted there was still the forest fire smoke to hide things, but it was clear enough to go ahead slowly, and the ship proceeded to quarantine, getting to her dock in the afternoon instead of the early morning, as she was expected to.

The cyclone will delay many of the big fellows due here in the next few days, including the Cunarder Mauretania, the Frenchman La Savoie and the American liner Philadelphia. Ships from the West Indies and South America, several of which are a few days behind schedule, doubtless have been waiting by the storm. The Alliance of the Panama Steamship Company's fleet is two days late from Colon. The Quebec Line steamship Bermudian, which was to have left Bermuda on Wednesday for this port, did not sail until yesterday because of the high seas left by the blow as it passed Bermuda.

Among the Deutschland's passengers were Adolph Ochs, Brig.-Gen. P. D. Vroom, Louis Stecker, W. H. Pleasants, vice-president of the Savannah line; Dr. Walter Naumann, who will attend the international fisheries congress, and says he will tell us how to get rid of the German carp if he will give him some rainbow trout; Baron Ernest von Schilling, Mrs. Henry M. Shepard, Herbert P. Curtis and Dr. Paul Krause.

Boston, Sept. 17.—A furious north gale swept the coast early to-day and the fleet of outward bound vessels remained in port. With the wind blowing with almost hurricane velocity, few of the skippers

HAD THE TEMERITY TO LEAVE THE HARBOR.

The rapid fluctuations of the barometer was ample warning for most of the skippers, although a few craft got away too early to get warning of the disturbance.

The upper and lower roads are filled with vessels awaiting an opportunity to leave port. Vineyard Sound is filled with vessels bound around Cape Cod. Off the Handkerchief a number of tugs with coal barges in tow have been stalled since Tuesday.

With the wind blowing sixty miles an hour off Highland light and a mountainous sea heaving in, the steamers crossing the bay this morning had a rough experience. The steamer Harvard, from New York, was delayed nearly an hour by the gale. Most of the local steamers were late in reaching their berths.

Storm warnings have been hoisted from Eastport to Nantucket. It is feared that vessels caught at sea may fare badly.

GALVESTON WEATHERS STORM.

Big Blow Scared Timid People, but Does Little Damage.

GALVESTON, Tex., Sept. 17.—This city to-day weathered one of the severest storms, excepting the cataclysm of September 8, 1900, that it has seen in many years.

The wind, blowing from the northeast, reached a velocity of seventy miles an hour for about two minutes, and held to a sixty-two mile an hour gale for some time.

Nearly six and one-half inches of rain fell, and owing to a poor drainage system the streets were filled with water to a depth varying from six to thirty inches.

The actual damage was not great, but alarm prompted many timid persons to go to Houston, fifty miles inland, only to encounter the same storm, which reached there this evening.

It was not a hurricane, but a west Gulf disturbance which passed over Galveston. The tide was only four feet, as compared with a seventeen foot tide in the great storm of 1900, but a very nasty sea was driven in.

The sea wall stood the test well and there was not a drop of sea water on the streets of Galveston. Many persons moved from the outlying districts into the heart of the city and the weather bureau issued reports every five minutes.

STEAMERS ESCAPE HURRICANE.

Put in at Jamaica After Experiences of Heavy Weather—One Wreck Reported.

SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH TO THE SUN.
KINGSTON, Jamaica, Sept. 17.—All the steamers which were overdue arrived safely at Port Antonio last night after severe experiences with the hurricane which raged hereabouts for twenty-four hours.

The steamers Admiral Dewey and Admiral Schley, with the mail and carrying sixteen and seven passengers respectively, were among the arrivals. Both report having experienced heavy weather. The vessels had to steam heavily in order to avoid the hurricane as much as possible.

No further information has been received as to the steamer reported wrecked off Castle Island.

SEIZES CHILD AND FLEES.

Man Takes a Little Girl From Morrisstown, N. J., in a Carriage.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Sept. 17.—A pretty five-year-old girl who was playing in the back yard of Mrs. Edward Babbington's home at 116 Western avenue, in this afternoon, was suddenly caught up in the arms of a man who placed his hands over the child's mouth to prevent any outcry, carried her into a closed carriage at the roadside and then drove off toward Bernardsville.

The girl is said to be a granddaughter of Mrs. Mary Smith, who lives at 9 Washington place. Mrs. Smith refused to tell who the child was, but admitted she knew something of the kidnapping and had an idea who the man was. At the Babbington house it was said that the child had been brought there in the morning by a friend of Mrs. Smith to board. It was explained that the grandmother had been taken suddenly ill and could not care for the child. Mrs. Babbington, declared the girl's name was Ellen Feltz, and that her parents lived in Yorkers.

The case was not reported to the police. They heard that there had been a kidnapping, but made no effort to learn the facts.

The man was first seen to drive up in the carriage to a small candy store near the Babbington house. There he purchased some candy and penny cake. With these in his hands he went directly to where the girl was playing. A little boy of her age was in the yard and the man first walked up to him, saying: "Can I have that little girl?" "No you can't," replied the boy. "If you touch her she will scream and I'll go in and tell my mother."

At this the man moved slowly toward the child, the candy and cake in his hand. For a few seconds the child looked at him and then began to scream. She only gave an outcry, for the man was at her side in an instant, slapped his hand over her mouth and was out into the street before the boy could get to his mother. All the neighbors saw was the vehicle making good time up the road.

HURLEY'S LOAN TO COLER.

Borough President Wants Grand Jury to Investigate the \$10,000 Transaction.

President Bird S. Coler of the Borough of Brooklyn yesterday called on District Attorney Clarke and requested him to have the Grand Jury investigate all about the loan of \$10,000 he received from William S. Hurley, vice-president of the Borough Bank. In their report on the transaction the Commissioners of Accounts severely criticized Mr. Coler and referred the whole matter to the District Attorney. After his conference with Mr. Clarke Mr. Coler said:

"Now that the conventions are over I want to get this thing threshed out and put out of the way. Mr. Clarke said he would do as I had asked and within a short time the matter will be in the hands of the Grand Jury."

Special Fine Press by Tiepolo.

Rome, Sept. 17.—A well preserved fresco by Tiepolo, the last great master of the Venetian school, on an allegorical subject was discovered to-day under the ceiling of the Palazzo Grassi in Venice.

GONE AFTER PIECES OF EIGHT

HARVARD EXPEDITION WITH PIRATES AT ITS HEELS.

When the Mayflower Has Dodged Nord Alex's Gumbat and Lifted a Treasure Sunken 200 Years Ago an Armed Expedition Will Fight Her for It.

In the gray hours before the dawn this morning when all Ulmer Park sleeps and nothing is heard along the reaches of Marine Basin but the crowing of the restless cocks will slip from their moorings a low, rakish craft, with hawseholes muffled and silence-cloths on port and starboard anchor, hatches muzzled and even the kick of her propeller smothered by a blanket, this phantom will speed past the clam factories and chowder distilleries out to the bounding main.

Hush! 'Tis the Mayflower, onetime defender of the American's cup, bearing her daring crew of gentleman adventurers down to the isles of spice and the bloodied seas where Morgan trod piratical quarrels and Teach snickered off the heads of treasure bearers. Skipper Scull is at the helm, Buck Harrison in the gallery; four more, good men and true, stand in the port chains and shade their eyes as they scan the waters of Gravesend Bay for the police boat.

Romances behind the horizon and the glint of the rising sun has the glint of St. Henry's gold. For mark ye well, Skipper Scull has wrapped in tarpaulin and next to his open port underneath a chart. Red and blue is the chart; it marks a reef in the Caribbean; it limes in the sea the boundaries of a precious spot; it tells where lies the English corvette Good Faith, out of Santo Domingo City in 1680 with five millions in plate and minted doubloons in her strong boxes.

But who are these men, tried and found trusty, who sail with Skipper Scull on the converted yacht Mayflower out of Marine Basin this morning? Skipper Scull, Harvard '98, a venturesome soul who lived in Tokio many months, wishing to be a war correspondent, and who finally was allowed to get as near as forty-five miles from the scene of a battle. Then there are Gordon Brown, Yale '01, who was captain of the football team that laid Harvard so low in 1900; Stephen Hayes, Harvard '03, H. L. Corbett, Harvard '05, Buck Harrison, Harvard '04, fullback, whose name was a terror to all opponents, and Roger Darby, Harvard '06, a tower of strength on the Crimson line in his time.

Consider this, that Matuskata, whose father is a Baron in Japan and holds five over hundreds of samurai, was offered a place in the intrepid crew—as cook. Matuskata yearned for venture, but he could not so demean himself, and that is why Buck Harrison of the line holds his place in the gallery when the Mayflower slips out of the Basin this morning.

With the Mayflower steaming out of Gravesend Bay, nose to the south, there must come a place in this tale and the curtain of the past must be lifted, revealing dark and bloody scenes.

CURTAIN.

It is a fair day in June, Anno Domini 1680, and the tropical palms that fringe the beach about Santo Domingo Bay are nodding in the breeze. [Santo Domingo Bay is used as a disguise of the real port, which it wouldn't do to reveal.] All is as the wharf, for the good English corvette Good Faith is sailing this day for Plymouth, laden fair to the gunwales with plate of price, spoils of cathedrals in Mexico and hazy minted gold in doubloons—and oh, yes, pieces of eight—that is the ransom of cities in Salvador and the Guineas. Spanish gold it is, torn from the grasp of bleeding men.

A cheer, a roundelay as the anchor comes up, and with sails belying and the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew whipping from the gaff the Good Faith ploughs her way past the reef and out to sea.

But wait! From around the bluff beyond the sea gate, which is hidden from the Good Faith by the rocky headland, come stealing two long feluccas. The brass of cannon glints from bow and tail; sails strain with the wind, and the gorgeous banner of Spain streams from the mainmast peak.

The watchers on the headlands of Santo Domingo City drop on their knees in prayer at the sight, for are not those two feluccas the sea ventures of Don Sebastian Fernandez Hacienda y Juan Fernandez, plunderer of towns and pillager of altars?

At gaze stand the citizens of Santo Domingo City as they watch the feluccas steal into the track of the Good Faith. Tortured with anxiety are these good folk when they behold the Good Faith swing about the headland and come into view of the dastard Spaniards. Now the Good Faith is aware of her peril. See her crowd the canvas on! See her leap to the top of the wind and race for her life down the watery way to the horizon! The feluccas follow fast; they gain yard by yard; still they gain and yet still.

The horizon rises and swallows up the Good Faith and the Don's feluccas, mere dots on the horizon.

Alack, never again did man set eyes on the Good Faith. Plymouth awaited her in vain; Santo Domingo City, sent out sloop and men-o-war to search for her. Never again did Don Sebastian ravage the coasts of Salvador and plunder the galleons of the Main. Men forgot that there had ever been a Good Faith or a Don Sebastian.

[Stars here indicate hiatus of 220 years.] A fisher of sponges, an American fisher of sponges in sooth, is selling his craft about the Caribbean in search of his prey. It is some years later. It is only a few years ago in fact. A storm comes roaring out of the Gulf and the fisher of sponges with his native fishermen is driven in his cockleshell far, out of his course. In the dead of night and the murk of the storm the boat is piled up on a

Continued on Second Page.

Central R. R. of N. J., Phila. & Reading Ry. Baltimore & Ohio—Rapid Blue Line. Through Pullman Car, New York to Richmond, Va. Leaves New York 2:30 P. M. 120 P. M. Liberty St. P. M. Arrives Richmond 10:04 P. M. Daily except Sunday. Apply at Ticket Office, 34 and 36 Broadway, 6 Astor House and at Stations.—Ad.

WARSHIP PLANS FISHED OUT.

They Were in the Pockets of a Would-be River Suicide—Police Puzzled.

A young man who said he was Ralph Ward, 24 years old, but refused to give an address, jumped into the East River at the foot of Washington street, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon. He was fished out by Oscar Balken of 341 Seventeenth street with the aid of a rope which he threw to the man in the water in the nick of time.

Ward was exhausted when he was taken out, but appeared to be glad he was alive. He was removed, a prisoner, to the Brooklyn Hospital.

The contents of the would-be suicide's pockets included the plans of the Japanese battleship Asahi, laid out in nine separate drawings. Conjectures were made by the police as to the significance of the drawings being in his possession, but nothing definite could be arrived at, as the prisoner declined to make any explanation. The plans show the layout of five different decks, the interior of the vessel and a broadside view of the whole.

Another interesting paper found in Ward's possession was a sketch of the Japanese battleship Chenyuen. In the picture the holes were shown which were torn in the side of the boat in the Russian war. The sheet of paper on which the battleship was drawn had the seal of the United States Navy on it and under it the words "Department of Equipment."

A letter was also found in the young man's pockets, and through it the police expected to learn more about him. It is addressed to Miss Nellie Gray at 1807 West Michigan street, Indianapolis, Ind. There is no sign of a postmark on it. The letter was opened and read. Its purport was that the writer was thoroughly discouraged and found it impossible to live on what he earned. Another thing found was a blank check of the Franklin Trust Company.

Ward was pressed to tell why he tried to drown himself. He finally said that he had been much depressed since he had lost \$5,000 recently on the stock market.

FOREST FIRES IN MAINE.

Town of Brooksville in Danger, but Saved by Hard Work.

BANGOR, Me., Sept. 17.—Forest fires are raging in several parts of Hancock county to-night, there being three separate fires in the vicinity of Ellsworth, which little city, the home of Senator Hale, is under a pall of smoke.

Fires sweeping through the small growth in the vicinity of Brooksville, a seaport and summer resort village on the east shore of Penobscot Bay, threatened to-night to destroy the village, and all the men in the place were fighting the flames. After one cottage at Herricks Landing had been burned and another damaged the fire was stopped for a time at least, and at 11 o'clock the village was considered out of danger for the night.

All over Maine fires are springing up in the small growth and in the brush along the railroads and as everything is very dry, these having been no rain for nearly five weeks, it is feared that the fires will cause great destruction in the big timber.

The 225 State fire wardens and thousands of men in the employ of landowners are patrolling the woods along the railroads, but should the scattered fires get a good start in the heavy timber nothing but a week of soaking rain could prevent millions of dollars damage.

To-night the air in Bangor is heavy with smoke and the moon shows blood red, while by day the sun appears like a ball of fire.

W. C. T. U. MEMBER ACCUSED.

County President Says a Wine Drinker Is in Audience She Is Addressing.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Sept. 17.—"There is a member of the W. C. T. U. who lives in Plainfield who puts liquor in her sauce and who drinks wine," declared Mrs. T. H. Tomlinson, president of the Union County W. C. T. U., in her annual address at the opening of the county convention of that organization in Cranford to-day.

"She is sitting in this audience at the present moment," said Mrs. Tomlinson. Mrs. Tomlinson stopped as if to see what effect her remarks would have. Women glanced around at each other, but no one contributed more to the somewhat dramatic situation.

Women who hold bridge parties, gamble, smoke cigarettes and drink came in for condemnation from Mrs. Tomlinson. She said that the making and the use of beer should be stopped, and that the prescribing of root beer and cider to patients by physicians was a stepping stone to deadly drink.

Mrs. E. C. Dutcher of Dunellen, another member of the union, said that the yellow peril of to-day was cigarettes, which leave their mark upon the fingers of the girls or women who smoke them.

REDS DEFACE A MAIL BOX.

Four Aliens Arrested for Pasting Up an Anarchist Circular.

Four men were arrested by Police-man John J. Kilroy of the Sixty-seventh street station in the act of pasting anarchist circulars on a United States mail box at five minutes to two yesterday morning. They gave their names as Louis Poland, Reuben Tempkins, Reuben Schuster and Lewis Soloff. The circular was a protest against the arrest of Alexander Berkman for disturbing a meeting at Cooper Union. In it the police are called "that liberty destroying, self-arrogating, corrupt body" and the signers, "The Anarchists of New York," are described as "a band of idealists striving to free the world from the love and regeneration of mankind."

Magistrate House commented on the fact that none of the defendants was a citizen and fined them \$5 apiece. He added that if any of them appeared before him again charged with a similar offense he would send them to the workhouse.

Zoo Keeper Gets Fawns and Rattles of Snake That Bit Him.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—The rattlesnake at the National Zoological Park whose bite nearly caused Rodney Rose, a keeper, to lose his life some time ago has been killed at last by the order of the zoo superintendent. Rose, who is still in the hospital, expressed his intention of going back to work, and it was thought best to kill the snake. The fangs and rattle were extracted and will be given to Haeas as souvenirs.

RAE'S RESTAURANT, Park Row Bldg., 4th St. Free concert, pictures, etc., will be given to purchasers and there will be notable prices in the afternoon. Friday Evening World and Evening Journal for further particulars.—Ad.

IS NOW A CLOISTERED NUN

VIOLET BUEL HYDE TAKES HER FINAL VOWS.

Oliver Prince Buel's Daughter Immured for Life in Convent of Perpetual Adoration After a Year's Novitiate—Husband Drowned in the Hudson.

An event which was of the commonest in medieval times and is one of the rarest now took place yesterday at Hunt's Point in a big, square, severe looking building. A New York woman of birth and refinement, was being immured in that gray building for the rest of her life.

This "fate" of Mrs. George Merriam Hyde, the daughter of the late Oliver Prince Buel, she chose herself. A promise made by her yesterday to the Mother Superior of the Dominican Monastery of Corpus Christi, Lafayette avenue and Baretto street, will prevent her leaving its walls until she dies. The words of it involved the religious vows of poverty, chastity and obedience which made her Sister Mary of the Tabernacle in this Convent of the Perpetual Adoration.

A year ago in suchinery as one wears who is about to be married she crossed the gravelled path from the monastery door to that of the church, followed by a short, plump, very quiet woman in black, who acted as matron of honor. That was Mrs. Hyde's last appearance outside the monastery, for she pronounced her vows, after months of probation, on that occasion and returned to adopt a religious garb for life. The woman who attended her was Mrs. Thomas Fortune Ryan, one of the few Catholic women in America who are allowed to have the Blessed Sacrament preserved in their private chapels. Yesterday, after a year of ascetical probation in the monastery, the novice pronounced the words which made her a willing inmate of it for life.

Hardly more than a handful of people assisted at yesterday's function. Circumstances prevented Mrs. Hyde's few Catholic relatives from being present. Low mass was said by the Rev. Alexander Mercier, O. P., of the convent of French Dominicans at Hawthorne, where Rose Hawthorne Lathrop has established a Refuge for Poor Cancer Patients. Mgr. Edmund McKenny, pastor of Saint Raymond's Church in Westchester, and the Rev. Father Doherty, pastor of St. Athanasius' Church, in whose parish the monastery lies, also took part. Mgr. P. T. Hayes of St. Patrick's Cathedral delivered an allocution, in which he set forth the rather appalling responsibility which the young woman was about to incur.

The church and the choir in which the sisters chant the office, or daily hours, are under the same roof, but are separated by a wall with three doors, or rather six openings, with only a delicate grille of black intersecting iron bars between them, so that the sisters were partly visible during the services in the church. High above the grille is an opening in the wall, protected by two plate glass doors. In this the Host is always exposed in a monstrance, and never, day or night, are there lacking sisters who pray before it. The devotion of the Perpetual Adoration is the specific note of this branch of the Dominican sisterhood, which seeks thereby to repair the neglect and outrages offered to the Lord in this sacrament by the world.

After the novices had received Holy Communion the choir turned toward the stall where kneel the prioress, Mother Marie de Misericorde, and kneeling recited the vows. Then the reverent mother embraced her, kissing her first upon one cheek and then upon the other. Solemn prayers were offered for the new recruit. Next the prioress herself inducted her with the black veil, which the novices do not wear. A symbolic crown of thorns was placed upon the new sister's head, just as on the occasion of her simple vows a year ago. It is only worn for this day.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament concluded the ceremony. The new Dominican, Sister Mary of the Tabernacle, saw some of her friends in the tiny reception room.

Among the conditions of the life which Sister Mary of the Tabernacle has chosen is an almost constant fast, never eating any meat, long hours of prayer, severe silence except for an hour or so of "recreation" daily, lying on a hard board, extenuated by the thinnest of mattresses, and other severe flouts to natural inclinations. A rather ugly wooden fence, twelve feet high and lead colored surrounds the grounds, which include a not too pretty garden and a vegetable garden.

Mrs. Hyde, or Violet Buel, was a convert to Catholicity, as was her entire family. Through her mother's family the MacDougalls, she has many affiliations with the army. Her maternal grandfather was Gen. Charles MacDougall. Her mother married Lieut.-Col. David Hillhouse Buel. Her uncle is Capt. MacDougall. Her aunt's husband was Capt. Babbitt, whose son is Major Edward Babbitt. Mrs. Buel's second husband was the late Oliver Prince Buel, the ninth and youngest son of David Buel, Jr., of Troy, N. Y., first Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Rensselaer county, and of Harriet Hillhouse of the Connecticut family of that name. At the time of his death Oliver Prince Buel was senior partner in the firm of Buel, Toney & Whiting, counsel to the United States Life Insurance Company.

Mrs. Buel and her two children became Catholics. Her son, David Hillhouse Buel, was converted at Yale, joined the Society of Jesus and is now president of Georgetown University. On January 11, 1890, Miss Violet Buel was married to George Merriam Hyde, a literary man, son of Dr. James T. Hyde of the Chicago Theological Seminary. Miss Violet Buel was a sunny girl, fond of dancing and social life. She had a talent for painting and her canvases were accepted by the Academy and the Society of American Artists.

Mrs. Buel's sudden illness and great sufferings and the earnestness of her sickbed produced the deepest effect on Mr. Hyde. One day he disappeared. After three months search his body was found in the Hudson near Weehawken.

The Travis vs. Travis Match will be reported here by hole in to-day's Globe.—Ad.

WIRELESS NAVAL TORPEDO.

Boston Man Has a Device That May Prove to Be Driftlight.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 17.—The Navy Department is negotiating with Charles A. Logue of Charlestown for the right to use a new torpedo that he has invented. Logue is a third year student at Boston University. Ever since the invention of the wireless telegraph he has been at work on the torpedo, his idea being to devise one that would be controlled by wireless waves from an operating station on shore or from a ship at sea.

Electric magnets operate sets of wheels which in turn guide the rudder. If the invention proves as successful when tried in a working model as it has in a small model it will be of great value.

William J. Doolan, the Navy Department's torpedo expert, has examined the small model, and is coming to Boston to accompany the inventor to Newport, where a working model will be made at the torpedo station.

WRECK DUE TO FOREST FIRE.

Smoke Responsible for a Collision of Erie Freight Trains.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 17.—Smoke from forest fires, together with a dense fog, was responsible for a rear end collision between two Erie freight trains this morning in which Engineer Charles D. Waters was killed. The head freight was eastbound No. 142 and the rear train was eastbound No. 1412. In the dense haze of fog and smoke that hung over the track the engineer of the rear train did not see the head train until the locomotive crashed into the caboose, smashing it to splinters.

MINES EXPLODED IN THE BAY

And the Fort Hamilton Soldiers Will Have Lots of Fish To-day.

Three of the mines which were put in the bay at the time of the Spanish-American war and have lain in the magazine at Fort Wadsworth ever since they were officially condemned were exploded yesterday afternoon at the Narrows, near the fort. No boats were allowed to pass that way at the time, the places where the mines were being marked off by floating targets.

The only evidence the spectators got of the explosions was about a thousand stunned fish—blue, blackfish and flounders—which were seen floating directly in front of the fort after the mines had been set off. The soldiers got into small boats at once, and every one of them went back to quarters with a good catch. One soldier got 300 fish.

The destruction of the mines was conducted by Capt. J. Allen, who is in charge of the fort troops. Capt. Allen was going to blow up the mines last Monday, but he postponed it so that the soldiers could get a good mess of fish to eat on Friday.

FIRE AT JOHNS HOPKINS.

Firemen Arriving at the University Destroyed—Blaze Rode to Crossed Wires.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 17.—McGee Hall, a building in a group connected with Johns Hopkins University, was damaged by fire to-night. The loss on the building was comparatively small, but a number of priceless archaeological treasures and valuable manuscripts were destroyed.

The firemen succeeded after an extraordinary effort in saving the Sargent paintings of Dr. Oler, Dr. Welsh, Dr. Halstead and Dr. Kelly and the picture of Miss Mary Garrett.

The fire was caused by crossed wires. It started on the fourth floor, where a number of unbound magazines and other publications were stored. McGee Hall is the lecture room of the university. President Ransom says no money value can be placed on what was destroyed. It cannot be replaced.

AUTO KILLS CONSTABLE.

He Was Trying to Arrest Driver for Exceeding Speed Limit.

SCRANTON, Pa., Sept. 17.—While trying to arrest the occupants of an automobile for exceeding the speed law Constable Patrick Nolan was run down and instantly killed in the street here to-night. F. Lamont Belin was driving the automobile. There were several women and their escorts in the car.

Nolan suddenly appeared about half a block from the machine, his hands above his head, signalling the driver to stop the car. Belin says he did not see the policeman. As the car showed no signs of slowing down, Nolan attempted to jump to one side, but the car swerved in the same direction at the same time. When the auto stopped Nolan was dead.

The occupants of the car were taken before Judge Edwards and held in bail on the charge of manslaughter.

TO RID CITY OF DRUNKARDS.